

Captivation

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Category: Gotham

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jerome V./The Joker

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 23:47:42

Updated: 2016-04-10 23:47:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:15:01

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 8,962

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jerome kidnaps you from the bus the Maniax was going to blow up, and you're scared for your life, at first.

Captivation

I found myself watching her for far too long. She was so beautiful. At daybreak, I ventured to her, to watch her bathe in the cool waters. At nightfall, I watched her undress, peeling away fabrics until her flesh was revealed to me. Everything about her was alluring somehow. From her hair that looked so soft to her remarkable smile and that unforgettable laugh. Whenever I saw her, I couldn't help but gaze upon her in all her splendor and admire her. I tried to get as close as I could, in any way possible, such as sneaking into the locker room of her school just to see how perfect her body would be as she dressed herself in her universe, every curve, every scar, every freckle that was exposed, I just wanted to claim it all as my own. She was a cheerleader, and she definitely possessed the spirit for it. Her beauty, her intelligence, her kindness, her blatant and bold acceptance for those around her, it all captivated me. I could watch her all day swinging her hips and cheering about whatever shit she was cheering for.

But even so, it was not enough for me. I couldn't stand watching her from a distance, it made my chest, and my heart ache. Whenever her lips shaped in a coy smile as she cupped her hands in the water and lifted them over to pour on her ample bosom. That ache spread to my loins. I longed to touch her, I wanted to run my hands through her lovely hair and knead that soft flesh, feel her everywhere.

I needed her, and I needed her to need me. How ironic. I needed to do something, anything, something that would just get her attention.

It was time to spread some joy in the streets of Gotham and get my name printed on headlines for the whole city to see. I brought my lackeys with me for a ride to make that happen. When we stopped to

look for our next victims, I spotted a school bus that was filled with overly enthusiastic cheerleaders so I figured she would be in there, and lucky for me I was right. I skipped my way to the bus, the teenagers inside of it started wailing almost instantly when I pulled out my gun. I quickly gained access to it and my eyes skimmed the row of high school students, looking for a certain girl in particular, she always stood out in a crowd so I knew I would be able to spot her easily.

"Give me an O!" I demanded, but all the teenagers did was sob in response, that wasn't the answer I was looking for. I repeated myself and fired my gun upwards to catch their attention, "Where's my O kiddos?" I asked in a solemn tone, which they quickly obliged then.

"Give me an N!" I exclaimed, and they gave me the letter I was looking for. "Another O!" I said with a laugh, and they cried it out for me. I continued looking about the bus, looking for the girl of the hour, the girl that I needed to take with me. I sought her in one of the back seats, just the girl I was looking for. My grin widened from the mere sight of her. She was weeping quietly, biting on her lower lip to stifle the soft sounds that escaped her. I found myself just staring at her, she was trying to put on a brave face, but I knew she was scared shitless.

"What does that spell?" I asked before I continued, "Oh no!" I announced, and I stepped forward to where she was seated. She was trying to remain as still as possible in the corner of the bus, though her body failed her and she was shaking like a leaf. She huddled up close to the wall while she shivered, tears dripping down both sides of her face as she quietly sobbed. She turned to look at me with those wide, sad, pleading eyes, and I stopped to gaze back, only my grin didn't waver.

"Nice to finally meet you gorgeous," I said before I knelt down on the floor to greet her, and she quickly whipped her head back to stare at the wall, her eyes red as she continued to almost silently wail, completely ignoring like I wasn't even there.

Greenwood came onto the scene with the gasoline hose to dose the teenagers with it, the cries and shrieks increased in volume, it was like music to my ears. But I found myself still eying her every move, I was mesmerized by her, seeing her this close for the very first time, and I wasn't surprised in the slightest that she was a pretty crier, dammit. I allowed him to pour the gasoline on everyone else but I stopped him when he reached the row of seats that she sat in.

"I'm taking this one with me," I scooped her up in my arms and removed her from her seat, pulling her out of the gasoline drenched bus despite her efforts to release herself from my hold. But I moved faster than I ever thought I could and pressed a cloth against her mouth and nose, a cloth almost dripping with chloroform.

"Shhh... Shhh..." I cooed softly as I wrapped my other arm tightly around her. "Shhh..."

She tried to scream but the cloth pressed over her mouth muffled it. She thrashed in my arms, breathing deeply, not realizing the drug on the rag. As I hushed her, she shivered against me. She began to get

dizzy and her head became very light. Her struggles got weaker and weaker but before she knew it, her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she passed out in my arms.

I grinned when I noticed her body went limp, so I easily hoisted her up and carried her to the van. There I opened the back door and gently plopped her in. "Now, I apologize for the next part," I told her, even though she was passed out, "but these will look really pretty on you," I smiled as I hooked a pair of handcuffs between both of her wrists, then locked one at her ankles, and pulled away, closing the van. I climbed in the front seat and started to drive away. The penthouse wasn't too far from here, and she was still passed out when I carried her in the house, bringing her into a room. The room had a soft, plush bed, a nightstand, and a little table, filled with perfumes, makeup, and the like. There was a little stereo for music so that she could have something to listen to, and a closet filled with cute, short—very short dresses. I carefully placed her on the bed and took a moment to appreciate her beauty for another long moment. She would wake up any second now.

She groaned as she came back to consciousness. She was aware of lying on something very soft and she tried to remember what happened. Her eyes shot open and she tried to shoot up out of the bed but she was still a little dizzy so all she managed was a sitting position. She looked around the delicately decorated room until her eyes landed on me. Whimpering, she scooted back on the bed, probably thinking: Why did he take me? She let out a small whimper as she attempted freeing herself from the metal that bound her wrists and ankles, rattling the handcuffs loudly in the process.

"Enough of that, dollface," I told her as I sat down on a chair that was close to her bed, just watching her and taking in the sight of the beauty I brought in. She froze in fear, swallowing hard at the lump in her throat.

She looked up at me, her body shaking when she said, "Wha, what - who-" her voice sounded small and weak, which made me chuckle.

I scooted my chair a little closer so that I could get a better look at her. "Oh you haven't heard of me?" I asked, my smile fading to a straight face, "My name is Jerome; I would love to shake your hand, but it seems that I have you restrained," my grin returned before I apologized, "Sorry about that. I wouldn't want you running away."

Her eyes narrowed and she felt the lump in her throat rising once more. "Where am I?" she questioned, her voice wavering more than I've ever heard it do before. But she did deserve an explanation. "Why am I here? Why did you kidnap me? What—what are you going to do to me?" she stuttered.

"You're exactly where I need you to be, Y/N," I answered. I wanted to talk to her longer but tears built up in her eyes at an alarming pace and she refused to answer me when that happened. "Hey hey, don't cry, I'm not going to hurt you," I stroked her soft locks with my hand, but she only flinched in response, already thinking the worst of me without even giving me a chance. "I know you're scared, but you don't have to be," I cooed. "Just take it easy, rest for now, if you need to."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she laid her head back onto the pillow. Her eyes fluttered close and then back open again, fighting not to shut them but the left over effect from the chloroform was hitting her hard. Before she knew it, she was out cold once more.

She awoke to a light shake of her shoulder. For a moment, the gentle act sent a calming wave throughout her body, but when she opened her eyes to see it was me who laid my hands on her, she slunk away as far as she could. I frowned when she reacted in such a way as I set a bowl of pasta and a glass of water down on the nightstand. I placed my hands on the metal that bound her wrists.

"If I take these off so you can eat, you aren't going to try anything stupid, are you?" I asked, and she quickly shook her head in response. Her stomach was churning and her mouth was dry, she probably hadn't ever been this hungry or thirsty in her entire life. I unlocked the handcuffs with the key I had been hiding in my pocket, setting her hands free and nudged the bowl and glass closer to her. She immediately reached for the water and chugged the whole glass in seconds. She almost dropped it from how fast she then reached for the silverware to begin eating. I watched her with a big smile on my face.

"I'm glad you like it, I thought you would," I told her.

She stuffed her mouth, and only stopped for a brief moment to speak. "Why the hell are you keeping me here? Why are you feeding me?" her voice was still as shaky as before. "You know my family and friends are going to be looking for me, and you'll live to regret this."

"No, I don't think I will, I like to live my life without regrets," I said, followed by an amused laugh right after. I furrowed my brow and with one swift movement, pushed the bowl away from her reach. She took a sharp intake of breath at the loss of food, whimpering a little, her stomach still begging for more food. I leaned down and grabbed her wrist in my hand, squeezing it tight enough to make her wince. I enforced my punctuation by digging my nails into her wrist a bit, and then shoving it back into the handcuffs, locking them back in place. "But to answer your question, the reason why you're here is because I needed a new friend, a pretty one because I don't have many of those," I smirked, and she cringed at the thought of being friends, or anything, with me. I continued, "What kind of man would I be if I didn't cook my friends' dinner?"

"You're fucking crazy," she spat quietly, not even looking back at me when she said it, instead she looked down at her restrained wrists, cursing under her breath. I sighed, shaking my head at her in disapproval.

"No, you see, that's a word people like to use when they just can't keep up," I chuckled darkly before I added, "c'mon where's your cheerful spirit doll? I know it's there, I've seen it a thousand fucking times."

She stood silent, looking in the opposite direction of me, so I broke the silence for the poor thing.

"I really hope you're going to be an obedient one, doll, because I am

not going to be putting up with this audacious attitude of yours for much longer, you got that?" I craned my head back to look her in the eyes. I saw the terror wash over them, so I figured I should change my gruff tone for her sake. She hung her head, not knowing how to react. All she could muster was a small voice, barely audible to me.

"Yes," her voice broke as she complied.

"Good girl," I grabbed the bowl and picked it back up from the nightstand. "Now I'm going to feed you, because I know you're hungry, but don't even think about talking to me like that again, or I'll have to reconsider," I warned her. She lifted her head when I started to gather the food on the fork, holding it up near her mouth, waiting for her to take the food. Reluctantly, she accepted, and finished all of the food that I was offering. She gulped it down, looking away from me the whole time like I meant her harm.

"You aren't going to hurt me, are you?" she spoke a little louder, which took me by surprise, she paused for a long while before she whispered, "like you did to my friends?" I set the bowl aside and then lifted my hand to her head. I lightly ran my fingers through her beautiful locks of hair, making her flinch back a bit upon the contact.

"As long as you're a good girl, we won't have to worry about that," I smiled at her, and she still wore a frown, keeping her eyes low. "Unfortunately the GCPD made it in time to save your little friends, so they are fine, at least for now," I chuckled, and she uttered a small sigh, that sounded like she was relieved. I took back my hand and ran it down the side of her cheek. "I know deep down you're a submissive girl, doll. This brave facade you're putting on could be kind of funny," she flinched when I suddenly grasped her chin, making her watery eyes face mine, her body quivering, "but I'm not laughing."

"I hope you rot in hell after you get caught," she muttered under breath, and I pouted at that, jerking her closer by her chin, making her grimace.

"Not planning on going there anytime soon, dollface, so you're going to be seeing much more of me," I laughed before I dropped her chin down from my hand and left the room without another word. "Brighten up, I miss that cheer spirit of yours!"

The next few days went on just as they had begun. Not once did she make eye contact with me, and I made damn sure that she knew her place. I didn't understand why she was being so difficult, or why she was so cold, she was nothing like the girl I had been watching. I fed her, let her bathe every day, gave her a comfy bed to sleep on, kept her from living that boring life she lived so she could be with me, and the thanks I got was cold stares and long silences. She should have been kissing the floor I walked on instead of throwing a fit about it, what a disgrace she could be at times. I just wanted her to be comfortable around me, for her brain to stop seeing me as this monster, just to make her smile, at least once.

I was sitting on the bed next to her, running my fingers through her hair while she sat slumped against the wall, eyes closed. We had been in this position for almost an hour now, as I flipped through radio

stations. Her eyes shot open when she heard the music stop and my warm hand leave her hair. Her head craned a little to follow my hand, not wanting the soothing gesture to stop. What a little cutie. It was the first thing that had actually calmed her in the slightest since I had kept her restrained. She noticed what she had subconsciously done, and immediately jerked her head away. She hoped I hadn't seen that she leaned in for more, and she regretted doing it all together which amused me, like most things she did.

"Don't think I didn't see that," I told her, and she lowered her head even more as I stood. She curled her knees against her chest and pouted like the ungrateful girl she was. "If you want, I have this pillow, and a blanket. It's sort of chilly down here tonight," I offered, grinning wide. She shook her head and hugged her knees close to herself. I stared down at her for a moment before leaving briefly to grab the pillow and blanket. I set it down next to her and scoffed a bit when she didn't react. So fucking ungrateful.

But I decided to tell her something that might cheer her up. "Maybe tomorrow we can talk about giving you some more freedom. Would you like that? I'll keep the door locked, so you can't leave, but I'll remove your handcuffs!" I exclaimed with a smile, "That'd be cool, huh?"

She just sat quietly as she continued to avoid my gaze. I wasn't surprised to hear her weeping the moment I turned away from her. It was a soft, quiet cry, but I heard it all the same. Why did she have to be such a crybaby?

I reached down towards her and petted her head with a smile, "I'll be back tomorrow morning."

I didn't speak for a few moments, just taking the sight of her in, staring at how pretty her eyes looked painted with teardrops, and then I ran my hand down her cheek, wiping away a small tear. "And stop crying."

She closed her eyes and leaned her face into my hand. I smiled at her actions, reluctantly slipping my hand away from her face. She looked up at me for the first time that day, and actually looked into my eyes, it caught me a little off guard, and it was progress nonetheless so naturally I approved, my lips quirking into a smirk before I left.

I made my way to her room, whistling a lighthearted tune. After promptly locking the door behind me and pocketing the keys, I spun around on my heels and continued toward her. I noticed that she had accepted the blanket and pillow I had given her last night, and I smiled lightly at that. Maybe she was finally warming up to me, took her long enough. I continued to prove to her every day that I meant no harm, that I wouldn't hurt her.

"Wakey wakey," I greeted her, and she awoke with a large intake of breath through her nose, eyes immediately locking with mine as I stood above her.

"This blanket is scratchy, I don't like it," she complained, sitting up from the pillow. Ungrateful bitch. How many fucking times was she going to complain? There was literally nothing that could please this girl. Her hair was sticking out every which way, and the skin on her

face almost seemed to be darker than normal, presumably from her lack of normal sleep. I reached down and took the blanket from her, folding it messily, and then laying it on the ground beside her.

I leaned down towards her cuffs and lifted at the metal a bit, "About these cuffs, it's been about a week since you've been here, kitten."

She furrowed her brow at my choice of nickname, but it didn't stop me from continuing, "So I think it's been long enough for you to understand and know your limits, right?" I looked from the cuffs to her face, waiting for a response. She stayed quiet for a few moments, before slowly nodding her head, being a good girl for once, giving me an almost questioning look. I reached in my pocket and pulled out the keys, unlocking the restraints and setting her wrists free as well as her ankles.

"Just so you know," I began, "I have the door to this room locked, and I have ways of knowing if you attempt to leave, so don't even try anything. There's no windows, so... sorry about that," I reminded her, just so she wouldn't even test her luck. "That's pretty much all I have to say," I paused before I thought of what else I wanted to say, "Oh, one more thing I forgot. I meant to tell you this earlier. I have a proposition for you."

She tilted her head slightly as her eyes traveled to meet mine. "A proposition?" she asked, actually sounding somewhat curious. She looked over at her wrists, basking in her newly acquired freedom.

I nodded before I reached out to grab her wrists with a firm grip, making sure she couldn't move while I was speaking, "If you continue to show me that you can be a good girl, and you do as I say, I will reward you."

Her face quickly turned sour once she tried escaping my bear like grip. She spoke softly, "What kind of rewards?" her voice trailed off a bit. My grin widened and I chuckled a bit, tracing my fingers over the red lines that covered her sensitive skin.

"Whatever shit you like. Maybe I could bring a TV down for you, or I could give you a softer blanket, just keep being a good girl like you have been lately," I let go of her wrists, setting them down on the bed. I leaned in and placed a feather-light kiss upon her soft neck, and she ended up leaning her body where my lips met her skin, which was certainly a response I approved of so I continued to place small kisses on her neck, looking up at her as I did to see her every movement. But then I pulled away after I placed several kisses upon her skin. She slowly removed herself from the bed to stand up, glancing back at me to see if I would stop her. She stood still momentarily, taking in her newly found freedom, and I thought I saw a small smile form on the corner of her lips but it disappeared so fast that I wasn't sure.

"You are so amused by such trivial things," I remarked.

She furrowed her brow at me before she spoke, "You've had me restrained here for about two weeks now, and you don't think I'd be a little excited when I finally get to stand the hell up?" she raised her voice a bit louder than she originally planned, but she couldn't contain her emotions. I just folded my arms and listened attentively

to her complaints, my face dropping more and more from a grin to no expression at all. She finally finished her rant, and lowered her head, suddenly realizing what she had just done was probably not in her best interests. "I - I'm sorry" I didn't mean it, I just got upset, I'm so

I slipped off the bed to join her side, raising my hand to her, and she immediately shut her mouth, cowering in response. My smile returned and I lowered my hand, "I was wondering when you'd shut the hell up," I said with a chuckle, and the look on her face resembled a wounded puppy. I continued, "Did you really think I'd hit you, dollface?" I sighed before I added, "I thought you'd give me more credit, I told you I'm not going to hurt you, and I always live up to my promises," I assured her. "So don't worry a curl on your pretty little head."

She folded her arms across her chest, and her voice wavered when she said, "I never know what you'll do..." she mumbled. I frowned at that and grabbed her all of a sudden. I pulled her towards me and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into a hug, resting my chin on her head. No words needed to be spoken, because both of us knew what the gesture meant. I hoped that she would start realizing that I didn't mean her any harm, not in the slightest. She hesitantly lifted her arms and wrapped them around my shoulders, to my surprise. I wondered if it was because she had just craved any contact with a human whatsoever or because her body felt different when I gave her the attention she desired.

I released my hold on her, and chuckled a little when her grip on me didn't loosen, she could be the cutest thing. "You're being awfully affectionate for someone who was just pissed at me a few minutes ago," she whispered. She snapped out of her trance and quickly pulled her hands away from my shoulders. I could see the blush rising up in her cheeks, and she knew I noticed it when she turned her head in the opposite direction of me.

"I can never stay mad at you for long, doll."

Over the course of time, she ended up slowly becoming less and less terrified of me.

Hell, after one long month, she smiled at me for the first time, took her long enough. It wasn't a joy-filled, lovey-dovey smile. It wasn't an ear-to-ear, goofy, toothy grin. It was just a split-second smile, like she was planning something, or she was just thinking about something that made her happy. But she looked at me when she did it, so that was enough for me.

Eventually, she started telling me more about herself, about half of the things she told me I already knew but it was nice to hear her open up and tell me those things herself. We actually started sharing laughs, hers was more like quiet giggles, though I liked them all the same. When she talked about her life, she cracked a couple of smiles, but they were the kind where she looked almost sad, like she missed the simple things she used to do all the time. I knew she wanted me to let her go, but she refrained from saying so. I didn't want her to go though. I wanted her to stay, where she belonged, with me.

"You're so beautiful," I told her, my fingers coming up to her face

and brushing her messy strands of hair off her forehead.

She flashed a coy smile at me, biting on her lower lip when she suddenly said, "Take me someplace then," she suggested, "show me off, ye?"

"No," I said, stone-faced.

One night, she awoke with a sickening jerk, barely able to catch her breath as her heart began to throb in her chest, sending water rushing to her eyes. She didn't even recollect the fact that she screamed in her sleep until she heard my voice in the darkness, whispering to her, trying to calm her down. Hot sweat beaded around her forehead and ran down her temple as she pushed and pushed against me, trying to gain the upper hand, even though she knew she was slowly losing. Her hands balled into fists as she shook repeatedly against my body.

I watched her tremble in fear and I reached down to seize her face, making her look at me. I slid a hand down and ever so gently clasped her chin between my thumb and forefinger, tilting her head until our gazes met.

"Shhh, shhh, you're okay, you're here with me," I cooed, and she seemed to calm down, her body relaxing, becoming less tense. I looked into those terrified bright eyes, large and full of tears, and all I could feel was pity for her. Sheer and utter pity. She really was a beautiful little thing, so soft and delicate to touch. Her tears overflowed and spilled down her face, bathing it in a dusty pink hue.

I found myself reaching out and my thumb caught a tear before it could reach her chin. She flinched at the touch but once my palm was settled against her cheek, her trembling subsided. We remained there for a moment, just staring into each other's eyes. And all of a sudden something passed between us; an aura of understanding. I think she realized something that night, though I couldn't place exactly what it was, I just hoped it was an adoration of some sort.

She started muttering something in her own inaudible gibberish and I later discovered that she was apologizing, over and over until her eyes were on the verge of producing fresh tears. I wasn't sure what she was apologizing for, probably for appearing so weak in front of me when she tried to stay strong for so long. I just couldn't shake off that feeling of pity. I reached over again, laying a hand on that flushed cheek and I stayed with her until she fell asleep. When she did, I lowered my head down to press a light kiss on her soft lips. She looked so pretty, even when sleep took her.

Something changed about her shortly after that night, I proved time and time again that I wouldn't hurt her, and she finally understood it. When I visited her room, she would instantly greet and smile at me more than I ever thought was possible. She stopped talking about how she missed her family and friends, instead she would ask me questions about myself, and about how my day went when I was away from her.

"How come you kill people all the time, but you haven't done those things to me?" she asked, tilting her head to the side, "I've - I've heard about the things you did, before you brought me here," it was

the first time she didn't use the word kidnap or abduct or any of those awful words. "I just want to know, why me? Why haven't you done those things to me? I thought the second I woke up here that you would kill me, but instead you feed me, give me all these cute dresses, let me take hot showers, I just don't understand," she bit her lip when she explained.

"Well would you like me to do those things to you?" I questioned with a dark laugh, and she instantly shook her head. "I'm just kiddin'," I paused before I finished, "it's because you're special to me, dollface, it's just that simple, and I just adore that big smile of yours, wouldn't want anything to happen to it," I caressed her cheek in my hand, and she smiled, as if on cue, pressing her cheek into my palm, it was so fucking cute.

"That's why you took me? Because of my smile?" her cheeks reddened and she continued to smile at me, rubbing her cheek against my hand once more.

"Well, it was definitely a big reason," I admitted, "but I thought you could use a little more excitement in your life, and I knew I could give you just that," I lowered my head down to place a kiss upon her nose and she returned it.

"I'm happy to stay here, I can't imagine being anywhere else now," she smiled softly and continued after swallowing a gulp, "I know they're looking for me, but I don't think I want to be found, I want to be here with you," she reached her hand up to place it on my cheek, whispering, "I like who you are when you're with me, it's like I get to see this side of you that the whole world knows nothing about but me," her smile broke when she added, "I think back to what was my life before, and I didn't like it, I felt like I was living this lie, like I was just doing everything that people wanted me to do, and nothing for myself. I think I only became a cheerleader so people would like me, but I don't feel any pressure to be someone else here, I feel like I can just be me, and I love that," she beamed again after she finished.

I smirked at that, it took a while, but I had her right where I wanted. She finally wanted me. I could sense the sincerity in her voice and her eyes. She was the type of person that when she lied she couldn't do it convincingly, she was too soft, too delicate for something like that. She meant every word.

She loved the dresses I stole for her, especially the frilly ones, and she would always twirl around in them after putting one on, jumping like a little girl for me whenever she asked if I liked them or not. I loved how she needed my approval, and the ones that I told her I didn't really like, she didn't dare wear them again. The truth was that I loved the way all of them looked on her, but I just liked to test her, see how much she cared about my opinion. She was such a good girl, we had a rocky start but it was all worth it. I felt like she earned her freedom, at least around the penthouse, so I would let her join me for breakfast every morning and she adored the food, she couldn't believe everything that was available to her. At first Theo disapproved of her being let out of that locked up room because he thought she would try to escape and report us to the police, but I think he grew to accept it, and I trusted that she wouldn't do any of it. But the day I let her explore the penthouse, that same day I made sure I killed that shithead Greenwood so I didn't ever have to worry

about him traumatizing the poor girl all over again.

She never made an attempt to leave, she would just stay about the house doing whatever shit she wanted, and I noticed that she would always avoid the news channel when she watched TV, because she knew that there would be reports on her whereabouts and like she said she didn't want to be found.

Several nights, I found myself joining her by the opposite side on her bed, just watching her sleep and taking note of how peaceful she looked. Then one day, I discovered that she was pretending that she had fallen asleep, she slowly turned her head to look at me, facing me now, eyes wide as she stared at me.

"You know, you don't have to pretend," I told her, "I thought we were at a place where we didn't have to hide anything from each other," I pouted to show my disapproval.

The unreadable look on her face didn't falter, and she moved in closer against my body, whispering, "I want you, Jerome," she licked her lips nervously before she continued, "I really do, I've been thinking about it for a while now," she took a deep intake of breath before she pressed into me more.

I smiled at that, "Not scared of me anymore?" I raised an eyebrow, more than happy to finally take her.

"No," she shook her head and added, "I trust you."

I think that was the first time I ever heard someone say something like that, and for a while I certainly didn't expect to hear that coming from her.

"Such a good girl, I don't think I'll ever be able to let you go," I chuckled, sliding my hands around her waist and pulling her close to me, leaning in to kiss her. She laughed into it and brought her arms up to wrap them around me. I smiled on her mouth as I tasted her plump lips upon my own, running my hand down over her smooth, soft locks, an exploratory touch before bringing my hand back up to hold her cheek.

"Then don't," she whispered against my mouth. "I want to stay here with you," she told me, voice full of adoration. I wondered if this was just a phase, if she would wake up someday soon, and regret everything she had told me about her liking it here. But fuck it, if that time did come I had to take full advantage of the situation now. She slid her hands up to cup the sides of my neck as she gazed at me with such a fondness I hadn't ever seen before. I moved my hands to undo her dress, undoing the buttons hastily, I just had to have her now, after waiting so long for it. She brought a hand up from my neck to drift her soft fingertips across my lips, a delicate touch that made my heart speed up. I hummed and leaned in for a kiss again. She held my face, almost possessively, as she met me halfway. The sounds of our kisses filled the room as I began to ease her dress down her shoulders, exposing her skin. I gave one last purse of my lips before pulling back to gaze at her body.

I ran my hands below her delicate back as I eased down her dress, exposing the striking black lingerie underneath.

"You were expecting this," I murmured lowly, looking into her lustful eyes with a fire of my own. Fuck, she looked so fucking perfect. Her lips turned up into a smile and she looked up at me bashfully. I grinned as I examined every detail of her body, taking in every curve, everything. She exhaled shakily, her eyes full of awe.

"I told you that I've been thinking about this for a while," she whispered coyly. She let out a shuddering breath, gazing into my eyes, and then leaned in to press a gentle kiss to my mouth before pulling back again. "I want you," she said softly. I thought she was going to say a different four-lettered word, but still it was more than enough for now. A light smile drifted across my mouth, and I felt something warm and overwhelming in my chest, making me feel a lightness, as well as an intensity. It wasn't something I was used to. I leaned in to kiss her again with a passion, feeling her gentle hands rest on the sides of my neck in a loving caress. I ran my hands down across the light material of her panties, further down to hook my fingers under her thighs, lifting her up carefully to lay her down on the bed. She sunk in the plush bed with her beautiful locks strewn under her. I pulled away to look down at her, eyes sweeping down her form for the thousandth time.

I drifted my hands gently over her breasts, feeling the soft fabric of her black bra. Down across her stomach, touching fleetingly before running my thumbs across the ruffles of her panties. She sighed deeply with relaxation, her eyes closing. She really did trust me. I leaned in to kiss at her neck, earning a pleased hum. I moved down to her collarbone, kissing and biting gently as I slid my hands back up her sides. Slipping my fingers under the straps of the bra, I drifted my hands over her shoulders, needing to feel everything, before moving them back down, bringing the straps with them.

She propped up low on her elbows, opening her eyes to look at me as I reached around to unclasp her bra. I lowered my gaze from her to watch as I eased it off of her. When her breasts were revealed, her nipples were hard and just asking for my stare so I let the lingerie go to cup them. She removed the bra herself and discarded it to the side as I rubbed the pads of my thumbs over her nipples.

"Mmm, Jerome," she murmured, sinking back into the bed as I firmly squeezed her breasts. She bit her lip, watching with lustful eyes as I leaned in to take one of her nipples in my mouth, eyes closing as I sucked at it gently.

"You like that?" I asked, and she uttered a loud and pleased hum in response. Moaning quietly, she relaxed into the sheets and watched through lidded eyes as I mouthed at her breasts, making it know how much I was enjoying myself when I had been waiting for fucking ever.

She began to run her fingers through my hair, my eyes flicking open to look up at her with a burning intensity as I moved my mouth to the other breast, sucking gently at her hard nipple. She crooned lowly, her eyes fluttering shut as she rested her head back into the pillows. I suddenly stopped and propped on a hand, moving in close to kiss her on the mouth firmly. She rested a hand around the back of my neck, fingers curling into my hair as she returned it with such a gentleness. I broke the kiss to sit back and unbutton my shirt, tossing it to the side before scooting back a bit on the bed. She propped up on her elbows, staring at my bare torso. I lowered my head

down to kiss down her stomach, hands raised to hold her breasts, fingers tight and sinking slightly into the soft flesh of them.

With her lip caught between her teeth, she watched as I brought my hands down to hook my fingers around the waistband of her panties. I was so fucking impatient, and I just wanted everything off now. She lifted her hips to let me slip her panties down her thighs, so I could remove them quickly and efficiently. She gasped when I pulled her legs apart forcefully, my hands sliding upon her inner thighs, squeezing around the soft flesh firmly. When I leaned in, she sucked in a breath and grabbed at the sheets of the bed tightly for support.

I peppered the inside of her thighs with kisses, feeling the shiver of her body as I did, and moved up to place one gently at her hip bone. She let out a soft noise, arching her hips up, which made me chuckle lowly, knowing she was only getting impatient, like always. I took a moment to deeply inhale her scent with my eyes shut, my hands tight on her thighs. A sharp gasp came from her when I opened my mouth and closed it around her sex, startling her. She gripped onto the sheets, white-knuckled, while I applied a light suction, flicking my eyes up to her face.

I watched her face contort with pleasure when I drifted my tongue between her wet folds, tasting her. I brought my hands to pull them apart with my thumbs, pulling back to look for just a moment before leaning back in to run my tongue up against her. Back arching off the bed, she bit hard at her bottom lip and let out a muffled whimper, her thighs shaking. I stared at her face as I dipped my tongue into her soaking entrance, earning a tight gasp and a whine. Closing my eyes, I pulled my hands away, sliding them up her sides as I began to mouth at her eagerly, lapping up her juices and indulging myself in her taste.

"Jerome," she gasped lowly, her hands pulling at the sheets once more as I moved up to suck on her sensitive clit, my eyes never leaving hers so I could watch every expression on her beautiful face. Her body shook with the intensity of the pleasure, her head thrown back and her locks a wild mess around her. With the tip of my tongue, I slid it down between her folds, back up again to play with her clit, intently listening to every gasp and moan of my name.

She lifted her head to watch, her eyes narrowed and mouth agape as I closed my mouth around the entirety of her and sucked, my hands resting on the outsides of her quivering thighs. Her eyes fluttered shut, her hips beginning to quiver. I brought a hand in to slide two fingers inside of her, just to feel how wet she was for me. Gasping, her body tensed up until I began to repeatedly press up into her g-spot as I lapped at her folds simultaneously. She uttered moan after moan, my name tumbling from her lips over and over again in a high, pleasure-stricken tone.

"Jerome, oh god, Jerome," she breathed. I was so focused on pleasuring her, that it took me off guard when a sudden spurt of liquid hit my face, causing me to jerk slightly. A bit back whimper escaped from her as she came, her legs trembling around me. I continued swirling my tongue inside her as I leaned back, watching her body shake and chest heave. When she slumped down into the bed, I slid my fingers out.

I began to wipe at my face and she noticed through the haze, her mouth fallen open with her pants and eyes lidded. She laughed weakly before she murmured, "Sorry."

"Hardly something to apologize for," I remarked, laughing before I pressed my soaked fingers against my tongue, sucking on them and drinking up her sweet juices. "You looked so fucking cute when you squirted, looks like I continue to learn new things about you every day," I teased.

She smiled sleepily at me, her hands raised up by her head and body lax. I gazed down at her for a moment, enjoying the soft glow of her, pulling my fingers away from my mouth once they were clean with a loud pop.

"Please take me, now, I really need you," she said around a soft whimper, wanting nothing more than to feel my cock deep inside of her, and that was all I needed to hear. I loved seeing her so wanton and begging for me, it was the fucking hottest thing I had ever seen. I had been waiting for this day for so long, and it was finally here, fuck, I just needed her now.

She drifted a hand across her own stomach to ghost her fingers down over her flushed pussy. I swallowed, feeling a tug of arousal in my abdomen. I shakily exhaled before I reached down to undo my slacks. She smiled coyly, watching as I got up momentarily to step out of my slacks and underwear before joining her once again on the bed. She reached out for me and I slot myself between her legs, capturing her lips with my mouth. She hummed into the kiss, returning the deep, open-mouthed kisses, her hand wandering down my abdomen. I tensed up slightly when her warm fingers curled around my hard shaft. She giggled softly when she got that reaction out of me, stroking me slowly with her hand. I pressed up against her soft hand, needing her touch, letting out a low grunt against her mouth.

When she angled my cock and swept the leaking head down between her folds, I gasped audibly and grabbed harshly at her sides. She bit at her lower lip and I snapped my eyes open to look at her. She watched me with a smug look, digging her tongue into my mouth eagerly to taste me while I fucked her I let her run her tongue across my own before I pulled away with hard pants. She arched her hips up to firmly rub the head of my cock against her dripping entrance. I shuddered and moaned lowly, my head dropping and hands gripping harder at her sides, it felt so fucking good.

Without being told to, I slowly pushed into her with her hand guiding it. She let out a whisper of a moan and ran her hand up my heaving stomach to my chest. She touched my skin gently, her pretty eyes drawn up to my face as I sunk into her with a slow push of my hips. She draped her legs around me, her feet resting on my calves. I looked down between our bodies with hazy eyes, watching as I pressed into her entirely, our skin meeting. She started gently dragging her nails down my chest, leaving pale red marks upon my skin. I grasped her hand before it could pull away and left a kiss on the back of it, my brow furrowed.

"You're so fucking hot and wet," I murmured around a shaky growl, "fuck, can you get anymore perfect?"

She smiled at me weakly and forcibly clenched around me, wringing a

surprised groan from me. Panting breathlessly, I slid my hands up her stomach, groping at her breasts as I gazed down at her, watching the way she loved getting fucked senseless. I had never seen her want me more than this moment. I slowly pulled out before giving a deep rock of my hips, thrusting back into her. She hummed noisily and continued to bite her lip, closing her eyes and resting her head back into the pillows. I rubbed at her nipples with my thumbs, fingers wrapped around the soft flesh of her breasts as I began to give slow, deep rolls of my hips.

"Ah, Jerome..." she whispered, her hands gliding up my arms. I could hardly believe she felt this good. The tight, wet heat around my erection made my stomach burn with arousal and pleasure. My hands tightened around her breasts without even really noticing, my nails biting into the skin. She cupped my face only to reach in for a kiss, a deep share of our lips. I kept a steady pace of rocking my hips, driving my cock deeply into her with each thrust.

"Don't stop," she pleaded. Oh, I loved it when she begged like that. Our breaths soon grew short, gasps slipping in between each purse of our mouths. I slid my hand up over her back, feeling the soft brush of her locks against the back of my hand and forearm. She broke away from the kiss, her head tipping back with a moan falling from her mouth as I sped up the thrusting of my hips, feeling my orgasm approaching fast. Too soon for my liking, but I couldn't bring myself to stop to cool down.

She leaned back into the bed, her hands resting on my chest as her soft eyes watched my face. I gazed at the furrow in her brow, the aroused haze in her eyes, the way her mouth fell open so perfectly. She was so fucking gorgeous, I couldn't help but reach out to drift my fingertips across her knit brow, down the bridge of her nose. I started to slow the movement of my hips, running my hands up her shoulders to jerk her close to me by them. She reached up to crush her lips into mine desperately, and I smirked against her mouth because of her need for me. As our lips moved together, I gave a couple more deep motions of my hips before stilling, pressing up against her as I filled her up completely. While overwhelming pleasure crashed through me, I moaned lowly into the kiss, my body trembling and nails digging harder into her soft skin. She rubbed the heels of her feet against my calves, humming softly against my mouth, feeling the throbbing of my cock as I emptied myself inside of her.

I shakily rocked my hips into her twice more before pulling out and shifting my body to lay beside her, chest heaving. She opened her arms and I tiredly collapsed into them, resting against her side. She gently closed her arms around me and reached a hand up to begin threading her fingers through my sweaty locks. Exhaling deeply, I wrapped an arm around her midsection, pulling her close. Smiling softly, she rested her cheek against the crown of my head and sighed happily.

"Now that we did that," she said with a weak laugh, "I don't ever want to leave."

"Oh, you won't ever be leaving, I'm keeping you, you belong here," I told her, nuzzling my face against the crook of her neck, inhaling her sweet, perfect scent. I didn't ever want her to leave. Not ever. Never. But I knew that someday soon I had to let her go, because

truth be told, she was holding me back in a way. She was a distraction, and I couldn't have distractions. But I had to revel in this, enjoy this for a while longer. She looked so fucking pretty uttering sweet nothings into my ear, about how much she wanted to stay with me, and never go back home.

End
file.